Schlumberger is with us; Gheon had to take his train at eleven. Viele-Griffin and Robert de Souza take us to the Weber, where the evening is prolonged until after midnight. It is one thirty when I get home.

Abominable night; not able to fall asleep a minute. If anyone catches . . .

27

January

My temperament, most deplorably, revolts against any restraint, any rule that my mind would like to impose on it. What can I do against insomnia, or that nameless nervousness that stands in my way? Do I know in what mood I shall awake tomorrow? Can I dare to sit down to work after a night of anguish with the same heart that I would if I were rested? I dream, I have always dreamed, of a method that, regulating even my fancy, would permit me to get the maximum out of myself; and here I^must make that method over every day. Yesterday if I had not slept for two hours in the afternoon, I should not have been able to last until evening. — And so on.

28

January

Good enough night and, consequently, good enough work this morning (preface for Emmanuel Signoret) —so that I can allow myself to practice the piano again for an hour. I had resolutely given it up for almost two months, my weak work being jealous of it.

Jammes, at lunch today, tells us the remark of a little girl cousin of his wife who, at nine, used to say:

"I am not so much angry with the Protestants as with Calver and Luthin."

After lunch he reads me some excellent *Poemes mesures.*[4]

2

February

Hateful night; did not stop *talking,* interminably remembering a lot of nonsense (the obsession of bits of sentences, and words, that one repeats idiotically, irresistibly, I don't know how many times) and reading new texts that I was inventing! Besides I was frozen despite the hot-water bottle and a pile of blankets. I probably had caught cold yesterday; a sore throat and pains in my intestines; but my nerves amplify everything. Then, without taking any exercise, I had remained working all *day* or almost . . . That is not yet possible for me.

3

February

I reread the necrological article by Francis Jammes on Charles Gu&in *(Mercure,* 1 April 1907). He has never written anything worse.

[4] *Measured Poems.*